

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

In an alcove, partially formed by a bay window, stood an easel, upholding a large frame. The light struck the canvas in such a way that Blake did not recognize the subject until squarely in front of it.

It was a portrait of Jessie Carden—not the Jessie Carden drawn by the San Francisco artist from the faded tintype—but the Jessie Carden of later years, whose face and figure had taken on the perfect grace of womanhood.

Amazed and lost in thought, Blake did not hear Arthur Morris as he approached and stood back of him. He flushed when Morris touched him on the shoulder.

"By Jove! that portrait must have great attraction for you!" laughed Morris. "You've been staring at it five minutes! A box at the opera you cannot tell her name!"

"Done!" said Blake. "That's a portrait of Miss Carden—Miss Jessie Carden, of Boston."

An expression of dumb surprise swept across the face of Arthur Morris. With half-opened mouth and staring eyes he gazed at James Blake.

"Well, I'll be— Well, of all things!" He sank into a chair and laughed feebly. "I say, old fellow, you took me off my feet! How the devil did you guess that name?"

"Nothing wonderful about it!" said Blake, who by this time had perfected his course. "I met Miss Carden years ago, and I at once recognized the portrait."

"You met her? Where?"

"In the country, near Hingham, Massachusetts."

"How? When? By Jove, old fellow, this beats me! What were you doing in Hingham?"

"I lived on a farm near there," replied Blake. Morris leaned forward. For an instant fear had possession of him. Who was this man who lived

her education in Paris and Berlin. Two years later Gen. Carden failed in business, his private fortune being wiped out in the crash. Jessie came back from Europe and remained a year with the Bishops. Arthur had induced his father to place Gen. Carden in a salaried position with the Morris bank in New York, and he persuaded Gen. Carden to accept a loan sufficient to defray Jessie's expenses in a second trip abroad. She was in Paris, but had completed her studies, and would return in a few weeks. He was engaged to the dear girl, but the date of the wedding had not been set.

"I've told you more'n any man living," half sobbed Morris, as he leaned on James Blake's shoulder.

Tears stood in his inflamed eyes and trickled down his red, blotched cheeks.

"You'll keep my secret, won't you, old chap?" he pleaded mauldly. "You're the best friend I've got in the world! People don't like me; they don't know me. You know me, Blake, old fel', don't you? I'm sentimental—that's what makes me cry. By Jove, you'll be my best man at weddin'—bes' man at my weddin'—won't you?"

He lurched into a chair. The trained and alert Rammohun appeared, deftly undressed him, and solemnly conveyed him to an inner room.

"Poor John!" sighed Blake, a few minutes later, as the Indian servant showed him his room and softly closed the door. "Poor John! Love's a tough proposition, and I'm afraid John's on a dead card! He has waited too long."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### Bad News.

When Blake arrived in Hingham he felt like a stranger in a foreign land. His parents were dead and his relatives scattered. The village look-



"THAT'S A PORTRAIT OF MISS CARDEN—MISS JESSIE CARDEN, OF BOSTON," SAID BLAKE.

ed smaller than when he was a boy. He felt himself in a living graveyard. Securing an open carriage and a driver from a livery stable, he rode through the quiet streets and out into the country. "Drive to Thomas Bishop's house," he ordered.

The drawn and dust-covered shutters of the old mansion told their own story. From a passing farmer Blake learned that the Bishops had moved to New York months before. Half an hour later he knocked on Peter Burt's door.

As a boy, Blake stood in awe and fear of the strange old man, but the years had obliterated this feeling. His knock sounded hollow on the great oaken door, and he wondered if the aged recluse yet lived. Mrs. Jasper, the housekeeper, opened the door, and Blake at once recognized her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Jasper? My name is Blake—James Blake. I lived near here when I was a boy. Don't you?"

"Little Jimmy Blake! Well, of all things! I never would have known ye. Come right in—Mr. Blake."

"Is Mr. Burt here?"

"Y-es, but I don't know if he'll see ye," she said, hesitatingly, wiping her hands on her apron. "He don't see nobody, ye know."

"Tell him who I am, and say I'm from California," said Blake, who could think of no other introduction.

They stood in the old-fashioned parlor where Peter Burt had bound the officers the night John Burt left Rocky Woods. As Mrs. Jasper hesitated, the door leading to the sitting room opened and Peter Burt entered. Blake could not see that he had changed a whit. Age had not ravished the strong face nor robbed the massive figure of its strength. He advanced to the center of the room, his eyes fixed searchingly on the face of his visitor.

"What have you to say to me, Blake? Be seated, sir."

Blake took a seat in an antique rocker and shifted his legs uneasily. "Where is John?"

"John—John—I don't—"

"Do not lie to me, Blake. Tell me what you know of my grandson."

"He is in California, sir!" exclaimed James Blake. When these words were uttered he felt a sensation of relief which was positively exhilarating. "He is alive and well! John is rich, Mr. Burt! He is a millionaire many times over!"

A grave smile lighted the features of Peter Burt. He closed his eyes and lay back in the chair.

"Go on; tell me about it," he said, as Blake paused.

For an hour or more the head of the firm of James Blake & Company recited the history of John Burt's career in California, and the result of the recent speculative campaign in New York. Once in a while the old man asked a question, but he made no comment until the narrative was ended.

"Your heart dominates your judgment, but that is a trait and not a fault," he said, as he arose and offered his hand to James Blake. "God gives us emotions and faculties; from them we must develop character. Do not charge yourself with a broken promise to John. He has kept his pact. I send him my blessing. Say to him that I am strong and well and happy. Say to him that his future field of work is in New York city."

Peter Burt stood in the doorway and watched until the carriage disappeared beyond the old graveyard.

"I'm glad that's ended!" said Blake to himself. "I wonder what I told the old man? Everything, I guess. I'm nearing a crisis, am I? Well, I'm used to crises and guess I can stand one more. Who's coming? His face looks familiar. It's Sam Rounds! Stop, driver! Hello, Sam! How are you?"

Seated in a stylish road cart, behind a rangy, high-stepping trotter was one of the companions of Blake's boyhood. Sam checked his horse and, with a puzzled grin, looked into the speaker's face.

"Haou de ye dew?" he drawled, slackening the lines. "Yer face looks fee-millar like, on yer voice don't sound strange like, either. I believe I know ye! It's Jim Blake! Haou air ye, Jim? Well, well, well! Who'd a think it—who'd a think it?"

Sam reached across and shook hands with a vigor which nearly pulled Blake out of his carriage.

"Air ye the James Blake I've been readin' erbout? The one that's been givin' them New York sharps a whirl in stocks?" asked Sam.

Blake smiled and nodded his head.

"Is that so? Well, well, well! Say, I'm plumb glad to hear it!" and Sam's smiling face showed it. "Ain't never heard of John Burt, have ye? No? Well, he'll turn up on top some day, an' don't ye fergit, Sam Rounds, alers said so. Where be ye goin' to, Jim?"

"I'm going back to New York to-night," replied Blake. "From there I return to San Francisco, but expect to make New York my home."

"Is that so? I'm livin' in New York now," said Sam, handing Blake his card. "Moved there several years ago. Mother an' I are here on a visit fer a few days. I've been doin' fairly middlin' well in New York, Jim. When you write me, be shore an' put 'Hon.' before my name," and Sam laughed until the rocks re-echoed his merriment.

"How is that?" asked Blake, gazing blankly at the card.

"Read what it says," insisted Sam. "I'm alderman of my destrict, an' have just been re-elected tew a second term. Fact!"

"I congratulate you, Sam," said Blake, heartily.

"Sorry ye haven't time tew wait over an' go back with us," Sam said. "But if ye are goin' tew locate in New York, I'll see lots of ye."

"I certainly will look you up when I'm in New York," said Blake. "My regards to your mother, and say I'm sorry I didn't have time to call on her. Are you married, Sam?"

"Nop, but I has hopes," laughed Sam, gathering up the lines. "Good-bye, Jim, good-bye, an' more luck ter ye!"

"Same to you, Sam; good-bye!"

Ten days later James Blake arrived in San Francisco. He drove to John's apartment, and was greeted by him in the old study room. Blake sat where he looked at the portrait of Jessie Carden. His heart sank with him.

(To be continued.)

**Luxuries of Russian Peasant.**

The Russian peasant, even if the bread he eats is black, has a bonne bouche to add to his meal much sought by epicures in the western world—the wild mushrooms which grow thousands upon thousands on the steppes of Russia. At any time a full and savory meal is provided with the addition of sausage and onions; even a mushroom alone often contents them for a meal with their coarse rye bread. The poorest laborer has also a luxurious drink always available from the ever-present samovar, and the tea they drink would be the envy of any American connoisseur of that beverage, for the best of China's tea is found in Russia, and all classes enjoy its quality and fragrance. Never is the water allowed to stand on the tea over a few moments, so none of the poisonous tannin is extracted, and a delightful, mildly stimulating, straw-colored drink is the result.

**Some Customs of Spain.**

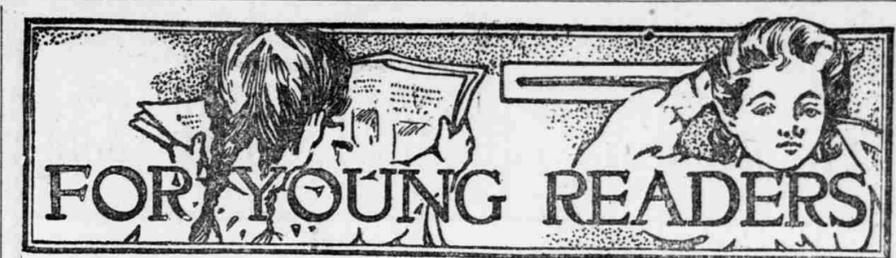
Writing of Spanish customs, Israel Zangwill says: "To call one another by our surnames in Spain would be wanting in friendly courtesy; indeed, for the most part, we are ignorant of them. A very grave and reverend senior might be addressed by his surname—and his surname alone—but even he were better addressed by his Christian name, preceded by 'Don.' 'Senor Don' is reserved for letters, and then the honor costs you 5 centimos. That the Portuguese are not to be confounded with the Spaniards is most lucidly learned from their methods of address, for, so far from addressing a young lady as Juanita or Isabella, I should have to say 'her excellency.' Here, in our palacio, the very water has been heard to give the order: 'Fried eggs for Isabella.' And Isabella is a very stylish demoiselle."

**Blowing a Penny.**

This seems hard to do, but boys who have done it say it is easy.

Place a penny in the bottom of a wine or mousse glass, cover it with a dollar, and then, without touching either coin, blow the penny out of the glass, while the dollar remains in it.

To do this, blow sharply on the side of the dollar which is next to you. Your breath will cause it to



### How Shellfish Talk.

Many seamen will tell of curious clicking sounds heard on calm nights at sea, and the origin of the noise seems so altogether unaccountable that it has often created some alarm among superstitious fishermen.

A distinguished naturalist made a careful study of the sounds on many occasions and found that it was not a sustained note, but made up of a multitude of tiny ones, each clear and distinct in itself, and ranging from a high treble to a bass. When the ear was applied to the gunwale of the boat the sound grew more intense, and in some places, as the boat moved on, it could not be heard at all.

On other occasions the sounds resembled the tolling of bells, the booming of guns and the noise of an Aeolian harp.

For a long time he was unable to trace the cause, but at length discovered that the sounds were made by the shellfish, hundreds of them opening their shells and closing them with sharp snaps. The noise, partly muffled by the water, sounded indescribably weird. He was finally led to the conclusion that, as the shellfish made the sounds, they probably had some meaning, and that the clicks might possibly be a warning of danger when the shallow water was disturbed by the boat.

**Sky-High Orchestra.** This.

Every boy or girl who has lost any pigeons to the hawks should know this little trick the Chinese play on the raiders of their pigeon flocks.

A missionary in China writes: "Walking near Peking one day I heard a long-drawn whistling in the air. Looking up, I saw a flock of pigeons overhead. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'do Chinese pigeons whistle?'"

"There was a Chinaman passing, and I asked him about it. He took from his dress a set of small bamboos, joined with fine wires—as in the accompanying sketch—and handed them to me. It weighed only a few pennyweights.

"That is what makes the whistling," said he. "We tie these to the backs of carrier pigeons, looping the strings around the roots of the wings. When the pigeon is flying the wind rushes into the bamboos and makes them whistle. This scares away the hawks, so that the pigeon can bring its message safely. Sometimes there is only one bamboo whistle; but if there are more they are assorted so as to make a harsh sound when blown all at one time."

The little bamboo whistles must be made with care in order not to put too heavy a weight on the pigeons; but no American boy need be afraid to try to do what a Chinaman can do. Besides keeping off the robber hawks every owner of pigeons can have a sky-high orchestra.

**Tale of a Mirror.**

Dear girls and boys, did you ever think of the stories treasured in that large mirror of which you have to be so careful? Would you ever suspect from its shining appearance that the great glass has grown old by looking and reflecting?

All kinds of pictures have been set within its frame; many of your own; some laughing and bright, others pointing and sad. The peculiar thing about a mirror is that it always gives you back exactly what you bring to it.

There would be the boys and girls sliding down the baluster and father hurrying out to save the chandelier; there you would all be around the piano singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and there—oh! there is your birthday party! Oh, look at the children's gay clothes and see the pretty decorations! Can you see farther back—there in the corner—where mother's great-grandmother looked when she was little? And her cousin Jack in his pink satin clothes bowing before the pretty little lady. Their games were stately in those days. No romping for them.

Little Nellie, dancing up to examine her new dresses, never guesses what sad picture might have been there before hers, and how her fresh beauty would brighten it. How the old mirror must feel like coming from the wall and taking a turn with that round-eyed little maid. It surely must love the little folks even better than the grown-up people, for they do not take it so many cares.

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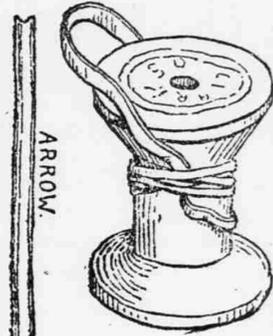
tilt over as though it were on an axis.

Keep on blowing, and a current of air will be produced which will sweep up the penny and hurl it out of the glass.

Try the trick and see what success you have with it.

### A Spool Gun Easily Made.

Here is a gun that can be made in a few minutes. Get two rubber bands and a good-sized spool from which the



The Gun and Arrow.

rubber has been taken. Fasten one rubber upon the spool by binding it tightly with the other. The arrow is any thin stick that will slide easily through the spool. The best arrows are made of dowels which are three feet long and one-fourth inch thick. These may be purchased at any hardware store at a cost of one cent each. Sharpen one end of the arrow and cut a niche in the other.

To use, place the arrow in the spool, put the rubber in the niche and pull both rubber and arrow out as far as possible. If the spool is held in the left hand and the rubber is strong enough it will shoot the arrow fully fifty feet away.

**Worms Our Friends.**

After you have read this little account about worms, go out and look at some of the little things, but treat them kindly.

Worms are not precisely blind, but they can only see well enough to tell the difference between light and darkness.

They have, however, a wonderful sense of touch. They can hardly smell at all, and are quite deaf. They breathe through their skins, having no lungs.

They can crawl backward and forward and curl up into any position. If by accident a worm is cut into several pieces it does not necessarily die, because it is so made that each

piece can go on living independently of the others. But the pieces always do their best to find each other and come together again.

A worm's working year lasts only about six months, because it cannot burrow through the earth while the ground is frozen.

In these six months the worms will turn over an average of ten tons of soil to an acre. Think of that! Stones, twigs, leaves and shells will be thoroughly chewed up and mixed with it.

Then the larger worms do still more. They burrow down to a greater depth than the smaller worms, and dig canals for the rain and moisture to flow through down to the roots of the plants and trees.

So, altogether, you see, boys and girls, the worms are our good friends, helping to make the earth green and beautiful and productive for our benefit.

**Plant Was Suffocated.**

A New Hampshire man had a very choice fern which he kept in his store, and fearing that it would be hurt by frost during an excessive cold snap last winter he placed it in a tight showcase with a small lighted lamp in one corner of the case. When he came to the store in the morning he found his fern ruined, not by the frost, but by the burning out of all the oxygen in the air in the case. The plant had simply suffocated.

**Bottle for a Rain Gauge.**

Any boy can make a rain gauge and measure the amount of a rainfall for himself.

The simplest form of gauge consists of a funnel with a definite area, say, 12 inches, the neck of which fits in a bottle. The rain that falls into the funnel runs down into the bottle, of course, and the quantity is measured by means of a graduated glass.

Any boy can measure the rainfall for himself. Having provided the funnel and the bottle—the metal cylinder outside is not essential—let him fit them as described, and then put them in a level, open place, away from trees and buildings, with the mouth of the funnel about a foot from the ground. The bottle should be fastened in position, to avoid being overturned by the wind, and should rest perfectly level.

**The Home-Made Gauge.**

When the measure is to be taken the water should be poured into a graduated glass, and the number of cubic inches calculated, which will give the amount to the area of the top of the funnel.

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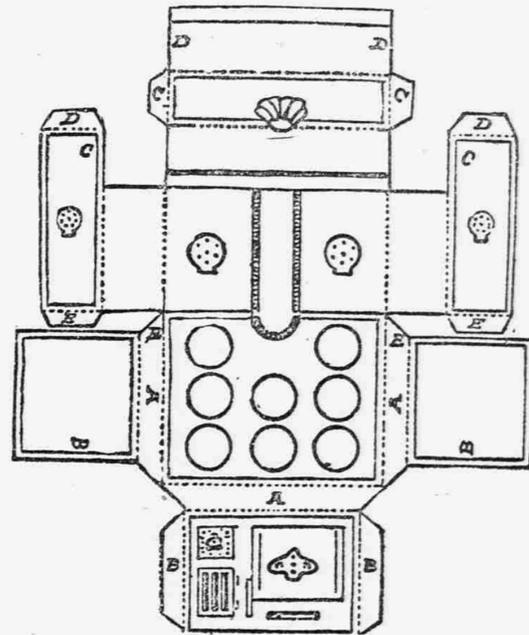
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A KITCHEN RANGE TO PUT UP.

This diagram represents a kitchen range, though you would not, perhaps, suspect it. A very little cutting and a little more folding will produce it in perfect condition, so that it can be put into a doll's kitchen. If you follow the instructions you will find that there is not enough trouble to be worth mentioning about making it.

Cut around outline. Then fold under

and paste to the under part of the top of the range the parts A A. Close the front by pasting the flaps B B to the sides. Then fold so that the flaps C paste under the letters C on the sides.

Paste the double sides together and paste the flaps D D to the top. Paste E E under the rim of the range and the work is done.